

*The* FOXES.

IN days of yore, a *Fox* of parts
Was caught in spite of all his arts,
And forc'd, that he his life might save,
His tale behind i' th' trap to leave.
Dejected in his brethren's sight,
He liv'd obscure and shun'd the light;
But a fam'd council being near,
Oblig'd Sir *Reynard* to appear;

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The business o'er, the Sage propos'd,
One speech to make before it clos'd;
• These tails, says he, which now we wear,
• Most useless heavy burdens are,
• Vermin they breed, and dirt, and make
• A luggage when we cross the lake;
• At last though late may folly fall,
• Let's wisely dock us one and all.
A *Fox* who mark'd this sage oration,
Bow'd and reply'd on this occasion.
But first he whisper'd in his ear;
• Wisely you've spoken, Sir, I swear;
• Your tail's already gone to pot,
• The scheme suits you, but suits us not.

*The public good men oft pretend,
While private interest is their end.*



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